

BI-CENTENARY LECTURE  
ON  
KING WILLIAM III.

*The Hero of the Boyne.*

HIS LIFE AND TIMES.

DELIVERED IN THE VICTORIA HALL, BROCKVILLE,  
2ND JULY, 1890,

BY

J. RINGLAND, M.R.C.P.,

AUTHOR OF "PROTESTANTISM: ITS PAST HISTORY, PRESENT POSITION, AND  
FUTURE PROSPECTS," AND OF POEMS ON THE MURDER OF HACKETT,  
BATTLE OF DOLLY'S BRAE, BATTLE OF FISH CREEK, RELIEF  
OF BATTLEFORD, TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO, ETC.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

PRICE—SINGLE COPIES, 25 CENTS; \$2.00 PER DOZEN; \$8.00 FOR  
50 COPIES; \$15.00 FOR 100.

FROM  
NORMAN MURRAY'S  
MONTREAL: BOOK, NEWS & ADVERTISING AGENCY  
MONTREAL

"WITNESS" PRINTING HOUSE, ST. JAMES STREET.  
1890.

Can Pam

~~W~~

William III, king of  
England  
(Ringland, J.)

7256

T

BI-CENTENARY LECTURE  
ON  
KING WILLIAM III.

*The Hero of the Boyne,*

HIS LIFE AND TIMES.

DELIVERED IN THE VICTORIA HALL, BROCKVILLE,  
2ND JULY, 1890,

BY

J. RINGLAND, M.R.C.P.,

AUTHOR OF "PROTESTANTISM: ITS PAST HISTORY, PRESENT POSITION, AND  
FUTURE PROSPECTS," AND OF POEMS ON THE MURDER OF HACKETT,  
BATTLE OF DOLLY'S BRAE, BATTLE OF FISH CREEK, RELIEF  
OF BATTLEFORD, TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO, ETC.

---

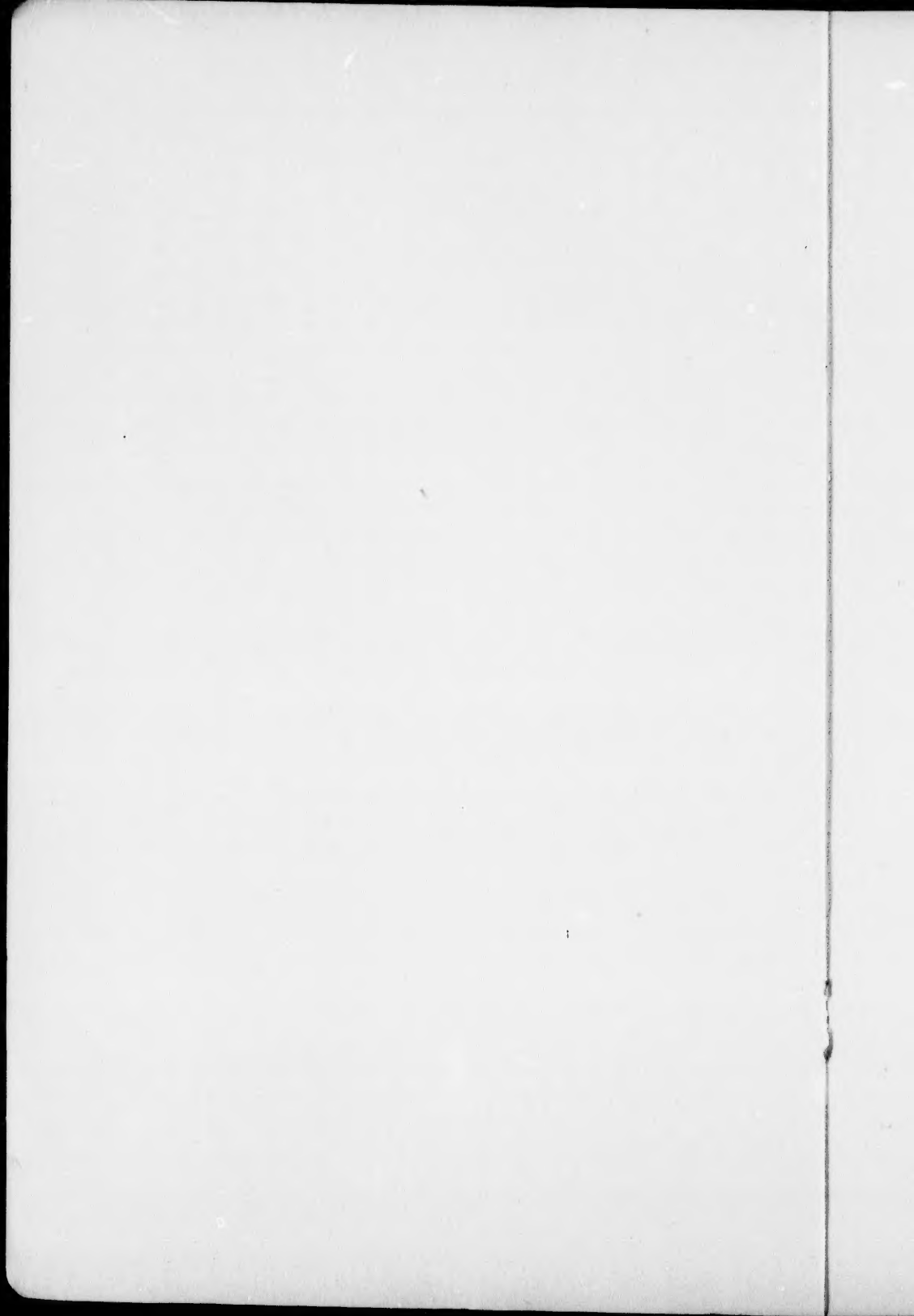
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

---

PRICE—SINGLE COPIES, 25 CENTS; \$2.00 PER DOZEN; \$8.00 FOR  
50 COPIES; \$15.00 FOR 100.

MONTREAL:

"WITNESS" PRINTING HOUSE, ST. JAMES STREET.  
1890.



## TO THE READER.

The Bi-centenary of the Battle of the Boyne seemed an appropriate occasion for presenting the following Lecture to the public. In doing so, the author is yielding to the urgent request of many friends, with whose wishes he is anxious to comply. He desires it, however, to be distinctly understood that he makes no claim to originality, in either thought or diction, but has, to the best of his ability, collected, collated, and condensed the more important events in the REVOLUTION OF 1688, which secured to British subjects the priceless blessings of civil and religious liberty.

In the preparation of the following pages the author has freely availed himself of such works as were at his disposal; among others, Motley's History of the Dutch Republic, Burton's History of the House of Orange, Graham's History of the Siege of Derry, Lord Macaulay's History of England, and other works of a similar character, and to which he here, once for all, begs to acknowledge his indebtedness.

Seeing the long and rapid strides the Church of Rome is making, not only in Canada, but in the Mother Country and her distant colonies, have not we Protestants just cause for alarm? Pampered and petted in Great Britain and Ireland, incorporated and endowed in Canada, courted and encouraged in the United States, it requires neither the sight of a seer nor the inspiration of a prophet to predict that she, whose motto is *Semper Eadem*, will at no distant period make another bold push for ascendancy.

Let me say to the members of the Loyal Orange Association, in the words of the poet :

“ Sons of the men who nobly stood,  
 Strong in their GREAT DEFENDER,  
 And shed in freedom's cause their blood,  
 'Midst shouts of 'NO SURRENDER,'  
 Prove worthy of their deathless fame,  
 And of the badge you carry,  
 And be in spirit, as in name,  
 True 'Prentice Boys of Derry.' ”

“ Still celebrate the glorious day,  
When heaven, in tender pity,  
Drove all your fathers' foes away,  
And saved the 'MAIDEN CITY.'  
Still hoist, as in the days of old,  
Your flag on yonder tower,  
Nor ever let its CRIMSON fold  
Be furled by PRIESTLY power.”

If the perusal of the following pages shall arouse our Protestant brethren to a sense of their danger, unite them in the common cause of their common faith and freedom, or stimulate them to a more profound veneration for the illustrious heroes of Derry and the Boyne, they shall have accomplished the object of the author.

J. RINGLAND.

54 Victoria Street,  
Montreal, P. Q.

*July, 1890.*

## KING WILLIAM III.

---

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

It affords me great pleasure to have the privilege of addressing you this evening on the life and times of one of the greatest monarchs that ever swayed a sceptre, King William III., Prince of Orange, the Hero of the Boyne.

Much may be learned from the biographies of the great and good men who have gone before us. Their lives and their examples have an important and powerful influence in the formation and development of character, and are, therefore, worthy our diligent perusal and careful study. As Longfellow has truly said—

“ Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time :  
Footprints that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother  
Seeing, shall take heart again.”

In this connection, let me remark that if half the time which is devoted to the perusal of dime novels, and such literary trash, with which the country is flooded, were given to the study of the biographies of the Howards and Havelocks, the Baxters and Bunyans, the Nelsons and Napiers, the Wellingtons and William of Orange, the moral tone of the rising generation would be vastly improved ; many a promising youth would be saved from moral shipwreck ; gaols and penitentiaries would be deprived of many of their inmates ; the father's hope and the mother's pride, instead of breaking their loving hearts, would live to bless and cheer their declining years with grace and goodness. This, brethren,

is a serious thought, demanding the attention of everyone entrusted with the training of youth. The young must read and will read, therefore it behoves parents and guardians of the rising generation to see that their reading matter be of the proper sort, for they cannot read without imbibing either less or more of the spirit of the works they peruse.

But to my subject.

There are times and circumstances in the life of nations, as in the life of individuals, which naturally claim our attention, and demand our serious and solemn consideration. Such a time is the present. God, in His providence, has privileged you and me to witness the bi-centenary of one of the greatest events of modern times—the Revolution of 1688 ; and if we carefully study the circumstances connected with that event, we cannot fail to learn some very important lessons, that may in some measure serve to guide us through the storm that seems gathering in the distance, and which threatens the peace, prosperity, and welfare of the mighty empire of which we form an integral part.

Empires rise and fall ; nations have their periods of growth and decay. Men and monarchs alike perform their parts in this great drama of life, disappear, and are soon forgotten ; but he, whose life and times it is my privilege to portray this evening, has left behind him the impress of his mighty mind upon the British Constitution, and given to posterity a name that, while Protestantism exists, can never die.

Warriors have fought the battles of their country ; statesmen have toiled and struggled to promote their national interests and independence ; patriots have lived and labored for the prosperity and welfare of fatherland ; but not one is there amongst them all, be they warriors, statesmen or patriots, who combined in so remarkable a manner these three great qualities as he who is the subject of my lecture this evening—“ King William III., the Hero of the Boyne.”

When William I., surnamed “ The Silent,” great-grandfather of our hero, appeared upon the stage of life, the Netherlands were subject to the iron rule of Philip II. of Spain, husband

of Bloody Mary, and a ruthless persecutor of Protestants. The Dutch had early embraced the doctrines of the Reformation, and the infamous Duke of Alva, Philip's deputy in the Netherlands, boasted that he had delivered no less than 18,000 heretics into the hands of the *executioner*.

These cruelties drove the people into rebellion. William headed the insurrection, and, after a protracted and desperate struggle, succeeded in securing the freedom of the Netherlands, and organizing them into a Republic, under the name of the "UNITED PROVINCES."

William's services gained for him the esteem and confidence of the Dutch people, who, accordingly, elected him first Stadtholder of the infant commonwealth, Captain General of its armies, and Admiral of its fleets. He was a terror and a barrier to the inroads of Popery throughout an heroic and eventful life, till Philip II., by the advice of Cardinal Granville, offered no less than 25,000 gold crowns for his assassination. Then Balthassar Gerard, a bigoted Romanist and tool of the Jesuits, hoping to advance his religion and fill his purse, undertook the bloody deed. Others of a like stamp with Gerard outvied each other in their thirst for the blood of "The Silent," but were always foiled in their attempts upon his life. Not so with Gerard; for seven years, with all the pertinacity of the followers of Loyola, he pursued his victim, till at length, disguised as a Huguenot and persecuted Calvinist, he obtained admission to the palace of Delph, under the pretext of getting a passport signed by William, and thus succeeded in discharging from a pistol three poisoned bullets into the body of "The Silent," from which he almost immediately expired, on the 10th July, 1584, in the 52nd year of his age. The wretch was taken and executed for the crime, and now ranks as one of Rome's martyrs.

Passing over Philip William, Maurice, and Henry Frederick, sons of "The Silent," and others of the illustrious House of Orange, whose actions adorn the pages of history, we come down to William II., father of the Hero of the Boyne.

William married the Princess Mary, eldest daughter of

Charles I.—the unfortunate King of England. He was a brave and courageous prince, but sometimes the ardor of his ambition overbalanced discretion, and produced disasters. The States General, in whom the sovereign authority of the Dutch Republic was vested, resolved, contrary to William's wishes, to dismiss the greater part of the army. Provoked by this determination, William listened to violent counsels, imprisoned several of the deputies, and marched against Amsterdam to seize its magistrates. His design was discovered and defeated ; and so great was his mortification that he was thrown into fever, followed by small-pox, of which he died in the 24th year of his age.

So terrible was the shock upon his young wife that it brought on a premature confinement, and on the 4th November, 1650, at the Royal palace, near the Hague, in Holland, she gave birth to William III., Prince of Orange—the Hero of the Boyne.

Lines of world-wide interest met upon his infant head, and clouds, pregnant with immortal consequences, gathered o'er his cradle, taxing all the skill and energy of riper years to wipe them away. The States, influenced by Oliver Cromwell, abolished the office of Stadtholder, the rank and dignity of which rightly belonged to William. Death deprived him of his mother when he was but ten years of age, and France robbed him of his little principality of Orange when he was only 15, while the States, under De Witt, removed from about him all his faithful and attached domestics. Thus surrounded by snares, tyrants, traitors and difficulties, an ordinary mind would have given way under the pressure of the circumstances by which he was surrounded, but the God of circumstances was, by these very means, maturing our hero for the achievement of those glorious designs which, in after years, immortalized his name as the champion of civil and religious liberty.

On the death of his mother, the care of the young Prince devolved upon his grandmother, Louisa Coligni, daughter of

that famous Huguenot Admiral of France, who was so basely butchered in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, 1572.

Of his early education we have but little knowledge. It is said that De Witt, who swayed the councils of the States, purposely connived to rob him of that important advantage. However, it appears certain from history that he was a fair military mathematician, and could speak, at least, four languages with fluency; while, perhaps, much of the religious principles, that characterized his actions all through life, may be largely attributed to the careful training he received from his pious grandmother.

At length, when he was but 18, he contrived to give his guardians the slip, proceeded to the province of Friesland, and was, forthwith, chosen first noble of that state. To William this was a position of no little importance, as it gave him a seat in the States General, and, therefore, a voice in the government of the Republic.

Two years later (1670), when only 20, William visited England and his mother's grave, and for the first time saw his cousin Mary, who was afterwards destined to share in his honors and his responsibilities. After a short and pleasant sojourn he returned to Holland, around which Louis XIV. was rapidly weaving his web of deadly intrigue. Fired with the lust of conquest the French King had determined to attach to himself and his interests as many of the European powers as gold or influence could secure, and among others Charles II., the unprincipled King of England.

Charles, on the other hand, sought to become an absolute monarch and to Romanize his subjects. Louis sought to possess himself of Spain, as well as of Holland, if the sickly King, his brother-in-law, should die without issue. This, he knew, would be opposed by the sovereigns of Europe; but, considering himself a match for these, and knowing that England could turn the scale, he thought it his best policy to form an alliance with Charles. Accordingly, the two monarchs entered into the infamous Treaty of Dover, which was kept secret for years—a treaty alike discreditable to both monarchs,

and covering the memory of Charles with eternal infamy. By this treaty the English King bound himself to abandon his late friends, the Dutch, who had sheltered him when he dared not show his face in England. He bound himself to join Louis in invading Holland, to supply a number of men and ships for the invasion, to support the claims of Louis upon Spain, and to make a public profession of Romanism, and do his utmost to extend it over his dominions.

Louis, on his part, engaged to pay the needy profligate the sum of £120,000 sterling a year during the war, with several fortresses on the Scheldt; and promised, moreover, that if the English, who hated Popery, and were more disposed to cultivate friendship with the Dutch Presbyterians than with the French Romanists, should rise in rebellion, he would send an army, at his own expense, to support Charles.

Several parts of this nefarious compact were immediately carried into effect. Charles, though bound by a treaty with Holland, directed his fleet, without the slightest provocation, to destroy the Dutch shipping both far and near. His orders, though illegal, being issued without the consent of Parliament, were at once obeyed, and an attack was made upon a number of rich Dutch merchantmen coming from Smyrna under a convoy of a few ships of war. The convoy, however, played their part so bravely that the merchant ships escaped with but little loss, and this disgraceful outrage proved a disgraceful failure, and, soon after, war was openly declared against Holland.

It has been truly said that the best way to maintain peace is to be prepared for war, and so, by contraries, it proved at this time for Holland, proving the foresight of William II. when he opposed the disbanding of the Dutch army in 1650. The States General, as I have already stated, had disbanded the greater part of their army, and consequently their territories were, in a great measure, unprotected. Louis, taking advantage of their weakness, marched an invading army against them, and though, at the last moment the Dutch nobly exerted themselves to muster an army, their raw and undisciplined levies were no match for the veterans of France. Three of

the seven United Provinces were soon in the hands of the invaders, and the fires of the hostile camp could be distinctly seen from the top of the Stadthouse in Amsterdam.

But, though the States General, under De Witt, were opposed to the House of Orange, the soldiers and populace had always been warmly attached to it, and now raged fiercely against the Government for excluding the young Prince from the posts of honor held by his illustrious fathers and thus causing all their misery. A revolution immediately took place: De Witt, the chief of the opposing faction, was literally torn to pieces amid cries of "see the traitor that has betrayed his country!" and the Government was compelled by the Orange party to proclaim William, Prince of Orange, Stadtholder of Holland, and Captain-General of all her armies.

Following him, henceforth, we find ourselves on the path of a *Hero* and a soldier, mighty among the mightiest. He was one of the world's greatest commanders and one of Freedom's bravest champions. His personal courage stood the test of long service, wars, wounds and sickness, raging maladies, raging multitudes and raging seas; the daggers of many assassins, the clash of a hundred charges, and the sweep of a hundred cannon showers. Strength, sword and science were against him from the cradle to the grave; but no man ever discovered a time, trial, person or thing that William feared.

Ever foremost in the charge and last in the retreat, his martial hat was seen where war storms thickest fell—the oriflamme of freemen in the fight. Like a soldier in search of death or a spirit that loved to breathe in fire and smoke, wherever a point was to be pressed or a regiment to be rallied, William of Nassau was ever seen, and—

" When the blood, streaming his armour o'er  
Crimsoned the battle sod ;  
The remainder boiled and bounded more  
As he struck for Truth and God."

No sooner was William invested in the office of Stadtholder than he set to work in defence of his country, and though only 22 years of age, he possessed an extraordinary amount of that

indomitable courage, which never quailed under the greatest difficulties. The Kings of both France and England tried to seduce him from his allegiance to the Republic; but William proved incorruptible and unflinching in his fidelity to his country. "Tell the King," said he, "that I will never betray the trust reposed in me, nor sell the liberties of the country which my ancestors have so long defended, and for which they sacrificed their lives." And when the Duke of Buckingham, the dissolute envoy of Charles, asked the Prince of Orange if he did not see the inevitable destruction of the Dutch Republic, William's memorable reply was "Be it even so, there is one way by which I, at least, shall be sure not to witness the ruin of my country, I will die contending for it in the last ditch."

The States, in their despair sent to ask Louis on what terms he would make peace; but his conditions were so exorbitant that, on hearing them read, one of the Dutch ambassadors fainted. He demanded North Brabant, Flanders, and the Dutch possessions south of the Meuse and the Wahl, besides the exorbitant sum of 20,000,000 livres, to help his "Catholic Majesty" to pay for his trouble in robbing a country that owed him nothing, and murdering a people who had done him no wrong.

But there was no fear or fainting with William. He encouraged his countrymen to hold out to the last, and proposed that, should they be driven from Holland, they should take refuge in their ships, and, sailing to some of the East India Islands, escape French tyranny and superstition, and there found a home where Liberty and pure Religion, driven by despots and bigots from Europe, might find shelter and flourish. The dykes which protected the Lowlands from the ravages of the ocean were opened and the country flooded. The invaders were forced to make a precipitate retreat. Armies were raised, soldiers trained and disciplined, alliances were formed with Spain, Austria and Germany, all of which had an interest in opposing the ambitious projects of France.

The tide of war was turned. Town after town and fortress

after fortress was recaptured by the Dutch. Naerden was retaken in three hours by the Prince, Coverden in one hour, Walcheren surrendered ; while at Ardenburg, with only 200 burghers and 100 soldiers, he twice repulsed 5,000 of the flower of the French army, killed a large number of the enemy and captured 500 prisoners.

And here the ladies of Ardenburg must not be forgotten. "Honor to whom honor is due." During the engagement these brave women kept filling the bandoleers with powder, while the children carried bullets to their fathers at the guns. With such women at their back no wonder the men fought so bravely. God bless our women and children ! What would we be without them ? This is not the first or only time they have proved their pluck in the day and hour of danger. Who has read the Siege of Derry and will not give the ladies their meed of praise ? And who has not heard of the valiant conduct of the ladies of Belfast, only a few years ago, when the Papist population, aided and abetted by the popish policemen drafted from the south, committed the most flagrant outrages upon the Protestants of the town. Again and again these brave women stood and fought by the side of their husbands, and, when the men showed any disposition of yielding, urged them on by word and example, in the face of volley after volley of buckshot from the rifles of the police.

At the battle of Dolly's Brae, too, women bravely joined in the conflict—some of them charging the enemy by the side of a brother, a husband or sweetheart. One carried the Orange flag and planted it on the mountain, another, I knew well, went side by side with her lover, and, when he fell, sorely wounded by the enemy, stood and defended his life till brethren came and carried him from the field. Then, in the words of the poet :

"Let not the memory perish that women, too, were there,  
Who, in the cause they cherish, would countless evils dare."

At length Charles II. was compelled by the Protestants of England to seek a peace. Terms of treaty were drawn up and sent to the Northern powers ; but such prominence had

the Pope's name in these articles that the Dutch and Swedes honorably objected. Then the French tried all their powers of flattery to induce William to make peace apart from these Rome-hating allies. "No," said William, "I will die in the last ditch ere I have anything but an honorable peace." Accordingly he kept the field, determined to strike as many blows as possible against the foe he hated all through life, and scorning the terms of treaty sent from the English court—terms which he said must have been dictated by the French ambassador.

Thus, at a moment when Protestantism seemed likely to be strangled and the glorious light of the Reformation to be extinguished, William proved, in the hand of Providence, the mighty instrument, which, from that hour, swayed the political and religious destinies not only of Holland but of Europe at large, and by his victorious career in council and in conflict curbed and limited the power of Louis the Grand.

On the field of Seneff, in 1674, William, Prince of Orange, with 40,000 confederate troops, encountered the veteran Prince of Condé, one of the bravest soldiers and greatest generals of the age, at the head of 50,000 men. Both armies fought with a desperation and obstinacy seldom paralleled in the annals of war, the soldiers emulating each other in acts of heroism and deeds of daring, while on the field lay 15,000 of their dead and dying comrades. The battle raged till day departed, and on into the night. By the light of the moon William could be seen in the thickest of the fight, encouraging, by his word and example the gallant fellows under his command. An eye-witness, writing from the field, said the Prince of Orange showed "the courage of a Cæsar and the undaunted bravery of a Marius." Even Condé declared that William had conducted himself like an experienced general, "only in venturing too much like a young man." It was one of William's greatest battles, and it was Condé's last, for that gallant old soldier of France would never meet him in hostile charge again.

The year after the famous battle of Seneff, William was

smitten down by small-pox, the hereditary enemy of his family. When the attack came on, several princes and royal ambassadors were assembled at the Hague to make arrangements for the next campaign ; but while his illness lasted, everything seemed in suspense, and that young man of twenty-five proved to be the mainspring that set in motion all the wheels of that great Confederacy which his genius had called into existence.

At the close of the campaign of 1677, William again visited England—not to negotiate a peace, but to seek a wife. The son of Mars, unscathed in battle, had been wounded by the bright eyes and winning manners of his cousin, the Princess Mary ; and he had come to England to urge the King, and James, her father, to consent to their marriage. "Yes," said they, "if you come to our terms of peace." But much as he loved his Mary, he loved his honor more, for he nobly replied with an emphatic "No ! I will never sell my honor for a wife." In the end, however, the brothers yielded, chiefly through the influence of the Earl of Danby and Sir William Temple, who hoped thus to raise their own popularity with the nation, with whom the Prince of Orange was a great favorite. But the union was only an act of king-craft, as far as Charles and James were concerned, arising from no other motive than their own gain. Not so, however, with the Princess Mary : she loved truly and devotedly with all of a woman's heart ; and where could she have found one more worthy of her love than the noble, brave, and generous William. On the 4th November, 1677, William's twenty-seventh birthday, the nuptials were privately celebrated between him and his beloved Mary ; and in a few days the royal pair set out for the Hague, where they were received with every demonstration of love and loyalty by the Dutch people. The Protestants of England and Holland were highly delighted with the match, but Louis, the French King, was greatly enraged. His ardor, however, was soon cooled by the victory of Mons ; where William gained a decisive victory over the Duke of Luxembourg, and

on the same day was signed the treaty of Nimeguen ; and for a time the belligerents were at rest.

Charles II. was a man to be thanked only for what he *did not do* ; and scarcely for that either. It was not want of *will*, but want of *courage*, that prevented him being one of the most brutal tyrants that ever swayed a sceptre. He was the scoff of England and the sneer of Europe. He systematically duped his people to feed his pride, and betrayed his soul to save his sceptre. He deceived England for Rome ; deceived Holland for France ; and deceived France, Holland, England and Rome *all for himself*. He was a mean tyrant, a shameless libertine, a consummate hypocrite, and a bitter persecutor of the Covenanters, who had been chiefly instrumental in his restoration to the throne. At length, in February, 1685, the mean and merry profligate died, cleaving in his last hours to the creed of Rome. Papists seem proud of their royal pervert ; we willingly accord them the prize, and give them full credit for the Jesuit jugglery which stole in Father Huddleston by a back-door, at the wink of James of York, to anoint the royal wretch ere he departed. If ever Extreme Unction conferred a benefit on any mortal, Charles II. needed a double dose.

His demise was little regretted. He so burdened this world while in it, that it could scarcely be expected he would benefit the next. The nation, out of compliment, put on mourning ; but there were no real mourners, save his mistresses. The only cause for mourning was that his death made way for a more obnoxious specimen of the corrupt race of Stuart.

The hypocrisy, selfishness, wickedness and tyranny of the whole family waited for full development in the person of James II. All the qualities that make men and monarchs most hated had a place in his nature. His want of piety and principle, his bigotry, pride, corruption, meanness and despotism, made his best friends fear, and gave handle to his foes. Many a gallant soldier and many a bloody villain crossed the border, but never did one pair of legs carry so little of the soldier and so much of the villain as when James came to the south.

In spite of law made to keep him from the crown, a Papist mounted the British throne. The heart of real England burned with shame, and told its indignation in unmistakable expressions of dissent

On the 17th October, 1685, Louis XIV. signed the "*Revocation*" of the celebrated "Edict of Nantes," preparatory to a wholesale persecution of Protestants. The cruelties that followed cannot be named or numbered. The recording angel only can tell the atrocities perpetrated upon the Huguenots of France in the sacred name of religion. Persecutions of the most exquisite cruelty were inflicted upon these unhappy people. Their lands were confiscated, they were sent to the galleys, the scaffold, and the gibbet. The rack, the torture, the funeral pile, were freely employed for the extermination of these unfortunate "heretics." "Die or be Catholics" was the universal cry throughout the vast empire of France. In consequence, half a million of her best citizens abandoned their country for the sake of their faith; of whom more than 50,000 found a home in the British Isles, where they afterwards proved the most inveterate enemy of the French King.

James, like his unprincipled brother Charles, soon called upon Louis for counsel and for cash; promising to consult him on all occasions, and in every possible way to further his interests.

As soon as the nation became aware of his meanness, the blood of Englishmen boiled at the insult, and plainly declared they would not live under the shadow of the French throne. Nine-tenths of them were Protestants; they remembered the Gunpowder Plot; they had heard of the "Revocation of the Edict of Nantes"; they believed that Rome kept no faith with "heretics"; they saw the cause for which their fathers bled about to be sacrificed to Rome; and, in sterling British style, resolved that it should not be.

Preparing for a wholesale massacre of the Protestants, Jeffries was made Chief Justice. Had all the prodigies of crime been forwarded from all the dens and dungeons of the land to compete for the great seal by their attainments in

villany, the infamous bully of the Old Bailey must have proved, on impartial examination, the successful candidate. The fire of indignation kindled by this vile appointment indicated most plainly a coming revolution.

The spirit of the nation was shown in the bands that followed Monmouth and Argyle; grandly brave they were, though sadly small; their blow was bold, but premature; it was like the flash that precedes the terrible roll of thunder, it seemed as the nation throwing down a challenge to the monarch, and pointing out a more serious meeting place. Heedless, however, of its import, the infatuated king thought only of gratifying his bloody instincts by a horrible vengeance. By his command Jeffries, the monster of the bench, and Kirk, his counterpart, set out to bind and butcher, hang and quarter men, whose only fault was an effort, made too soon, to maintain what in calmer days is every Briton's pride—that "his cot is his castle." The mangled and bleeding limbs scattered around the towns and hamlets of that "Bloody Circuit," acted with talismanic power to kindle the fire of soul they were intended to quench. The 320 murdered in that bloody assize stirred up the deathless energy and hate of more than 320,000. The British Lion was roused, and the fire of his fierce glance fell upon the black and bloody throne as the harbinger of its coming woe, while the vivid flashes of that indignant eye seemed as letters of flame, forming the words, "On to the Revolution!"

As James could get money no other way, he was forced at length to call a Parliament, but no sooner had they assembled than they found that all the selfish Stuart wanted with them was to fix his fees and revenues for life. "Treat me well, gentlemen," said he "it is only thus you can treat me often." The Royal blunderer, by this barefaced display of his pride and meanness, became more prominently than ever the leader to his own downfall.

By loudest promises that he would shield the English Church, he received a revenue of more than two million pounds sterling, but no sooner were his fingers on the money

than he secretly set himself to work the destruction of that very system he had just pledged himself to maintain. He set aside the Test Act; drove from office those Protestant nobles who refused to abjure their religion; deprived corporate towns of their charters; filled all places of trust, both civil and military, and even some offices in the church, with Romanists; and wrote a long letter to his daughter Mary, to convert her to Romanism. The country was going from bad to worse, Romanism was rampant everywhere. The court was constantly crowded with monks, priests, and Jesuits, and James boasted of having made London assume the appearance of a Catholic city,—a splendid appearance, you may be sure!

The Spanish minister, observing this, warned the king of his danger from these designing ecclesiastics. "What!" cried James, "do you in Spain not advise with your confessors?" "Yes," replied the minister, "and that is the reason things go so badly with us."

Is there not here a lesson for us at the present? Have we not a remarkable parallel in this country, when the Premier of a British Province could have the audacity to tell the members of the House of Commons at Quebec that they must pass the Jesuits Estates' Act; and why? Because of the ecclesiastical pains and penalties they were under should they dare to refuse.

Here you see the hand of the Jesuit. History is repeating itself. Liberty is at stake; for just as sure as these emissaries of Rome were instrumental in driving James II. from the throne of England, so will they work the ruin of this fair, free, and prosperous Dominion, unless the loyal, liberty-loving people of this country arise in their might and manhood, and, like their illustrious forefathers, who "baffled crowned and mitred tyranny," stay, at once and for ever, their aggressions in this country.

But the infatuated James would take no warning. Even when Pope Innocent XI. wrote him, saying that he was "highly pleased with his Majesty's zeal for the Catholic religion, but was afraid he might push it too far, and instead

of contributing to his own greatness, and the advancement of the Catholic Church, he might do it and himself the greatest prejudice ;" yet James heeded not.

Some of his counsellors, too, began to see he was over-driving his hobby, and cautioned him, after the manner of a horse dealer, who said to his drunken jockey, "Keep steady, Sam!" The servant, who had sense enough to know the state he was in, replied, "There's too much in for that." The king had too much wilful blindness, and was too far gone with his intoxicating zeal for Rome to keep steady now. But there was too much spirit in the people to submit to his drunken caprices. His daring despotism was fast driving them to desperation. The British heart heaved, as for some mighty blow, and the eyes of Britain turned eagerly to another fingerpost pointing to the coming revolution.

The spirit of the learned was roused against the tyrant, when they saw him put forth his sacrilegious hands to subvert the universities from the service of the Reformed Church. Terrible was the tide of feeling, and the voice of thunder that rolled through the ancient halls of Oxford and Cambridge, and from them round all the shires and shores of England, speaking, in mightiest tones, danger to crowned and mitred darkness when found interfering with the light. We would blush to be descendants of the men who could have stood idly by when they saw the hands of a Popish despot, crimsoned with British blood, raised to close the national windows, and seal the fountains of thought. The might and manhood of the Reformed churches, in the name of Justice, Virtue, Liberty, and God, gathered around the standard of Truth, and blew the war trumpet, while "nearer, clearer, deadlier than before," arose the grand refrain from British voices, On to the Revolution!

To carry out his deep and deadly design the Church must have a hand in its own downfall, and, accordingly, he sends to the Bishops his unlawful and deceptive Declaration of Indulgence, with orders that it should be read by the clergy of their respective churches during the hours of Divine service

on two successive Sundays. Universal attention was roused, and popular anxiety was intense. Would the Bishops obey, and thus sanction James' arrogant claims? or would they refuse, and thus fix upon themselves the stigma of intolerance towards their dissenting brethren? Theirs was a difficult position, but ere the crisis came the united voices of the Nonconformists rose in one grand refusal of liberty from the tyrant's hands; and, in earnest, they appealed to the Bishops to stand firm as guardians of the Constitution. Thus their great difficulty is removed, and the seven immortal Bishops resolve to obey conscience rather than the King. They write a petition, begging James to excuse them from publishing an unlawful declaration. Then these brave men come into his presence with their petition, and find him in a fit of bad temper at their daring to deny his dispensing power. In only four out of 100 churches in London was the declaration read on the first Sunday, and in these the people rose and left as soon as the reading commenced. Samuel Wesley, father of the great John and Charles Wesley, then a curate in London, took for his text that day the answer of the three Jews to Nebuchadnezzar, the Chaldean tyrant: "Be it known unto thee, O King, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

On the second Sunday the declaration was nowhere read, except in the same places where it had been read on the previous occasion. The Bishops were firm, the king was furious. Familiar as an oft-told tale are the scenes that followed. The Church and the Crown were at open war. The sceptre and the crozier clashed in deadly conflict; neither prince nor prelate would yield an inch, and soon the Popish party pushed on their Royal tool, and the Bishops were committed to the Tower.

Fast spread the news northward, southward, eastward, and westward; and oh! how men's faces darkened, and their eyes flashed at the tidings. Vengeance was written on every brow and expressed in ten thousand varied utterances. Nor even at the present are some of these utterances forgotten. Still

in loyal old Cornwall may be heard the echoes of the old refrain :

“ And shall Trelawney die, and shall Trelawney die,  
Then thirty thousand Cornishmen shall know the reason why.”

'Tis hard for us to calm our hearts when we think upon these stirring and stormy times ; when seven such men could be imprisoned by a Popish despot, whose being king at all was but an insult to their Church and nation. But beneath the gloom of that dismal hour there were high and hopeful hearts, who, discovering in the distance the dawn of a glorious day, could sing with the poet :

“ The tyrant shall not ever sway,  
Nor truth be robed in sorrow,  
Though slavery's shades are deep to-day  
Freedom will shine to-morrow.

“ Our nation feels a mighty life,  
And mighty deeds must follow,  
We'll fling the cords that bind to-day  
In Freedom's flame to-morrow.”

The mails were heavier now than usual, bringing to the Bishops and their friends letters of fraternal greeting and sympathy from the Presbyterians of the north, It was a time for union and brotherly assistance from all the Reformed churches. Then our common Protestantism stood up, a proud and princely pile, with ramparts high and strong, preserving truths and privileges which, to a million hearts within, were dearer far than life. The traitor King was at the gate of the fortress, making bold demands for admission. In his train were human vultures from France and Rome, hungering to make carrion of the sons of the Reformers. There were the Jesuits, with the smile of Absalom in their face, and the villanous and vengeful dagger red beneath their canonicals ; while over all appeared the sword of Louis, dripping with Huguenot blood. Then the sound and true of every Protestant persuasion united, heart and hand, to guard their common liberties, and like a wall of brass they stood, resolved to die in defence of their faith and freedom.

At length the seven Bishops were brought to trial. They were placed at the bar and charged with uttering a false, malicious and seditious libel. The trial lasted a whole day, and the judges were divided, two against two. The jury were locked up all night to consider their verdict. Next morning the Court was crowded with eager and anxious faces, and, despite all the skill and schemes of the King and the mean men who served him, the dauntless seven were triumphantly acquitted.

Breathless silence reigned in that crowded court as the jury returned with their verdict, but scarcely had the words "Not Guilty" passed the foreman's lips, when thunders of applause, such as never before had echoed in an English court, burst from the excited throng. The nobles commenced it; the thunder-roll of joy swept over London; was boomed from the cannon on the bridges; was caught up by the ships on the river; was borne by swift messengers to waiting yeomen in the counties; and, reaching the camp on Hounslow Heath, was pealed forth afresh by the soldiers in the very presence of the tyrant King. There was no mistaking this burst of feeling—it indicated more plainly than before the approaching Revolution.

The very night on which the Bishops were acquitted an invitation, signed by both Whigs and Tories, was sent to William, Prince of Orange, with an assurance that if he came to save the country the great majority of the people would rally round his banner. The news soon reached James, who, true to his Jesuitical instinct, seemed ready to do almost anything his subjects might desire. He would restore the fellows of Magdalene College, advise with Protestant bishops, and force no Papists into Parliament. So yielding did he become, that maybe he would throw away his mass-book and go to the Protestant church. But James Stuart was too late with his concessions. He offered to the revolutionary heart of England a good remedy, but not in time. Our fathers concluded that he was giving to *Fear* what he refused to *Justice*, and they scorned his tardy liberality.

That there was no truth in the King's professions he soon

proved. A day had been fixed to set the Oxford Colleges right ; but intelligence having reached England that William's fleet had been tossed and damaged on the shores of Holland, so that there was no danger, for that winter at least, James forwarded orders with all speed to Oxford, to stop at once the course of justice. This exhibition of his character was fatal to his cause ; all eyes were upon him, and such perfidy at such a crisis gave the death-blow to his falling power.

There is not on the page of history a greater triumph of statesmanship over complicated difficulties than that displayed by William in his expedition to England. Among those who had been his confederates in his great coalition against France, some were Protestants and some Roman Catholics, and now to these different governments he presented his enterprise in such different lights that he gained the aid, or, at least, the countenance of them all. He called on the Princes of Northern Germany to rally round him in defence of the common cause of the Reformed churches. He set before the Roman Catholic Emperor of Austria and the Spanish Government the dangers with which they were threatened from French ambition, and the necessity of detaching England from France and uniting her in the great European confederacy. He truthfully disclaimed all bigotry. The real enemy of British Roman Catholics, he said, was James, who, when he might have easily obtained for them a *legal toleration*, had trampled on all law, to raise them to an odious ascendancy.

At the same time Louis got into a quarrel with the Pope, which turned the Papal powers against him, and thus covered the expedition to England from their ire. William then published a Declaration setting forth the assaults which James had wantonly committed on the religion and liberties of the English people, as also the course he intended to pursue in coming to their deliverance from tyranny and oppression. The English people hearkened to the words of his Declaration and now turned their eyes eagerly eastward, watching for the arrival of William and his gallant fleet.

With the munitions of war, the sympathy of nations, and the veteran Duke Schomberg as his second in command, William cast anchor in Tor Bay harbor, at noon on the 5th November, 1688, while thousands were on their knees returning thanks to God for the nation's deliverance from the Gunpowder Plot.

William soon landed his little army of 15,000 men, and commenced his triumphal march to Exeter, where he was received with the hearty expressions of love and welcome from an oppressed people longing to be free. At Exeter he entered the Cathedral, and there Burnet read his Declaration to the people, and at the conclusion cried out in a loud voice, "God save the Prince of Orange!" to which the people responded with a hearty "Amen!"

Soon a hundred men of mark and might, some of them with small armies, joined the Prince. The Earl of Bath placed the troops and fortress of Plymouth at his disposal, thus leaving him no enemy in the rear. A "No Popery" cry arose in the north; a statute of James, in Newcastle, was pulled down and thrown into the Tyne. In York the Jacobite governor was made prisoner and the city declared for William. The Prince of Orange and a free parliament became the popular cry. The first Orange Association in Britain was formed at Exeter, composed of the friends of Truth and William, binding themselves to each other, their banner, their nation and their God.

Meanwhile, London was surging with excitement, and hearing by every mail of troops deserting James and joining William. The stormy crisis had come at last, and the trembling despot who had caused it shrank from it in terror, and, at length, in disguise and disgrace, escaped from the land that had rejected him and fled as an exile to France, while William was invited to London to take the administration. All England kept holiday: the joy-bells sent forth their merry peals, the shouts of a happy people rent the air, bright orange colors found a place somewhere on the dress of almost every Protestant, Orange assemblies met, and Orange processions marched with Orange banners waving in the air. Orange was

not then a color to be despised—our fathers hailed it as the color of the free, and under the same old and honored colors we, their sons, may yet have to fight the battles of Civil and Religious liberty.

In February, 1689, the Revolution was consummated by proclaiming William and Mary King and Queen of England. The Commons drove in a body to Whitehall, and there read a Declaration accusing James of a clique with evil counsellors to extirpate the religion and liberties of the land ; of creating a cruel court of High Commission to cramp, chain, and corrupt the life of the Church ; of raising money without the consent of parliament ; of levying an army to be the terror not the guardians of the people ; of betraying the independence of the nation ; of packing corrupt juries to carry on his own murderous designs, and of persecuting even excellent Bishops for exercising the right of petition.

Then followed a demand for regular parliaments, and the maintenance of all the rights and liberties of British subjects. This Declaration was, in a few months after, put into law as the Bill of Rights, and to this day remains the solemn contract between our Monarch and the people. May the tyrant's fate be his who shall ever dare to blot a single line of the solemn compact.

Rapidly and bloodlessly was the Revolution accomplished in England ; not so, however, in the other parts of the kingdom. In Scotland, Graham of Claverhouse, now Viscount Dundee, a monster in the form of humanity, still nobly upheld the cause of James ; but General Mackay, meeting him in battle at the Pass of Killcrankie, Claverhouse fell, pierced by a bullet, and for the first time in a quarter of a century the Covenanters of Scotland could breathe freely.

"It was not," says Dr. McCrie, "till the trumpets of the Prince of Orange were heard, pealing the signal of the nation's redemption, that the sword of persecution was sheathed. The jailer heard it and reluctantly unbarred his dungeon ; the dragoons of Claverhouse heard it when their victims were

kneeling before them, with muffled faces, ready to receive the fatal shot, and their fingers were withdrawn from the trigger.

Persecutors and persecuted were alike astonished at the suddenness of the change, but they awoke to very different feelings. The persecutor slunk away, rankling with disappointed rage, while the Church of Scotland, after 28 years' oppression, rose from the earth, unmuffled and unmanacled, to hail the dawn of a glorious Revolution."

In Ireland, too, matters were vastly different. Gross darkness pervaded the soil and soul of that noble country. Outrages of the deepest dye were of daily occurrence: rape, mutilation and murder, when committed by Papists on Protestants, went unpunished, and appeals for protection or redress were unheeded by the constituted authorities. At the same time, the Romanists, preparing for some mysterious business, were unusually active. The priests, in saying masses and making war speeches, the Papist peasantry in arming and drilling, country forges in making pikes, and even old women in whetting up old knives and skeans; all were unusually and mysteriously busy. It was not long, however, till the mystery was solved. Early in December, 1688, Lord Mount Alexander received a letter informing him that all Irishmen were sworn to be ready on Sunday, the 9th of that month, to slay, with one united and sudden stroke, every Protestant, man, woman and child, in the country. Ulster, ever in the fore-front of Protestantism, had fearlessly declared for William, and thither James despatched a powerful army to chastise his disloyal and disobedient subjects in the north. Derry and Enniskillen had afforded shelter to the persecuted Protestants around, during the massacre of 1641, and thither large numbers of the surrounding peasantry fled for protection from the coming storm. The dread of a repetition of the bloody scenes of '41 was general, and though Lord Tyrconnel, better known as lying Dick Talbot, sent for the leading Protestants of Dublin to convince them that the intended massacre was all a lie, and though he cursed and swore and tore his wig and threw it into the fire to prove it a lie, large numbers left the country in

open boats for England, trusting rather to the wind and waves than to lying Dick and the fury of the Irish rabble.

This was bad enough for Talbot ; but when he heard that in Derry, Kenmare, Sligo, Bandon, and Enniskillen, the Protestants were *determined* to fight for their lives and liberties, and that William was hailed as a Joshua in England, his hat and wig paid for it with a vengeance.

That the Protestants had good grounds for alarm soon proved true. On Sunday, the 16th of December, while at church, the Enniskilleners were suddenly alarmed by the intelligence that two companies, followed by a numerous rabble of disorderly Irish, were advancing upon the town. The Church was soon an empty edifice. Every man seized his firelock, and prepared to meet the foe. With 200 foot and 150 horse, this gallant little band advanced to meet the enemy ; but no sooner were they seen coming in the distance than the Popish army took to their heels, fled to Maguire's Bridge, and next day pursued their retreat to Cavan.

James now determined to crush Enniskillen by force of numbers ; and for this purpose ordered three armies to advance upon the town. His illegitimate son, the Duke of Berwick, marched against it from the north ; Sarsfield from Connaught ; and General Macarthy from Munster. The Enniskilleners, never wanting in pluck and prowess, surprised Sarsfield's camp, threw his army into confusion, and put them to the rout. The Duke of Berwick's fared somewhat better, but General Macarthy's far worse. Macarthy's forces amounted to 6,000 men ; the Enniskilleners were less than 2,000, and were commanded by Col. Wolseley. The word, "No Popery," was passed along the line of Enniskilleners, who at once made a furious attack on Macarthy's right. Two thousand of his army fell in the field ; 500 were chased into Lough Erne and drowned ; the remainder were completely routed, and Macarthy himself was brought a prisoner into Enniskillen.

With the other struggles that took place around Enniskillen time forbids me to deal. Suffice it to say that no invading

army, however generalled or however strong, was ever able to enter that ancient and loyal town.

In the meantime the little city of Derry was a scene of wild excitement. Within a space measuring 500 yards in its longest and 300 yards in its broadest part, no less than 37,000 human beings sought protection from the old walls, which still stand as a monument of unparalleled heroism.

On Friday, the 7th of December, 1688, Lord Antrim, with 1,200 of his armed Redshanks, came to take possession of the city for James. What was to be done? The enemy was fast approaching, and Lundy, their traitor governor, was endeavoring to betray them to the enemy. Bishop Hopkins, too, whose favorite topic in the pulpit was passive obedience, strongly urged the men of Derry to admit the enemy. But, well for Derry and well for Protestantism, there were truer hearts behind her walls than either Lundy or Hopkins. Lord Antrim's regiment had already crossed the Foyle; were within sixty yards of the Maiden City's gates. The elder citizens are engaged in serious council; are, in fact, on the point of admitting the enemy: but a mighty impulse from God thrills through the hearts of younger men; and, animated by an inspired resolve, thirteen Apprentice Boys, worth more than 13,000 such men as Lundy or Hopkins, ran to the guard-room, seized the arms and keys of the city, rushed to the gates, and closed them, once and for ever, against the foe.

The Popish army paused in dismay, as the heavy gate swung upon its hinges, and the massive key turned in the bolts, forbidding their entrance, till from the walls of the Maiden City the iron lips of "Roaring Mag" pealed forth upon the enemy Derry's immortal "No surrender!"

In the midst of this eager enthusiasm, Bishop Hopkins tried by his eloquence to stop their manly resistance, advising them to submit to the enemy as to an ordinance of God, when a gallant youth met his cool reasoning with the common-sense reply, "A very good sermon, my lord, a very good sermon; but we haven't time to hear it now."

Nor have we time now, my brethren, to listen to such

sermons or speeches from men in the Church or men out of it, who hold nothing so right as truce and trust with Rome ; nothing so black as an Orange banner ; no being so base as a real *True Blue* ; and nothing so radically wrong as a genuine Protestant No Surrender !

With the Rev. George Walker, rector of Donoughmore, as their Governor, 7,000 fighting men now stood behind the walls of Derry, but the sun never shone on braver or better men. They were all Protestants of the real stamp. There were none like Lundy or Hopkins amongst them. There ladies and gentlemen of every rank and class, ministers and laymen, Episcopalians and Presbyterians, stood together, setting an example to the people of every age and every nation of the utility and advantage of brotherly union among all classes of Protestants—such a union as the Orange Society presents to-day.

Lundy, disguised as a porter, sneaked out of the city to save his neck. Bishop Hopkins, too, left without being much regretted ; while ten ministers of the English Church and eight Presbyterians remained with the men of Derry during the siege, preaching, praying, and encouraging the people in their gallant resistance. The old Cathedral was then a centre of interest. It had its watchmen on its towers, and ammunition stored under it. The Episcopal service was held in it every morning, and the meeting of Dissenters every evening ; and I never heard it remarked that the sanctity of the place suffered anything from the service.

On the 19th of April a trumpeter came from the besieging army to know if the city would surrender. The answer he got was, "The men who guard these walls will resist to the last." Next day Lord Strabane came with a flag of truce, and in the King's name offered Murray, who went out to meet him, £1,000 in hand, a regiment under James, and a pardon to all the men in the city. Murray replied, "The men of Derry have done nothing that requires pardon, and own no Sovereign but William and Mary."

On the 6th of May the men of Derry made a desperate

dash against the Irish lines, cut down the second officer in command, with many others, as they had cut down General Maumont and 200 men a short time before, and captured the colors of the enemy, while their glad companions greeted them with ringing cheers from the walls of the Maiden City.

Many of the Irish having resolved on a final effort against the city before changing the siege into a blockade, joined in an oath to enter the works or die. The spirit and strength they brought that day against Windmill Hill would have cut through any troops in the world, save the stern yeomanry of Ulster, who stood and struggled for their homes, their lives, and liberty. These heroes beat the enemy back, and trampling 4,000 of their dead bodies in the trenches, cleared the outworks of the last man that was able to run. It was a dreadful dance of death to Derry's war tune, "No surrender!"

At this time the Popish army at Derry was commanded by Marshal De Rosen, one of the most brutal generals that ever disgraced the name of a soldier—a human monster, notorious for his butcheries of the Protestants of France, after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685. Baffled in all his efforts to capture the city, whether by bribery or bravery, he resolved on a most inhuman and barbarous expedient to accomplish his purpose. He ordered his soldiers to scour the surrounding counties, to burn and pillage the homesteads of the Protestants, to collect old and young, helpless and infirm, of every age and sex, and drive them under the walls of Derry, hoping that they would be taken into the city, and thus consume the provisions that remained, and thereby oblige its gallant defenders, through sheer starvation, to surrender. But when the wretched creatures he had collected were driven under the walls at the point of the bayonet, instead of asking shelter from the inclemency of the weather, or food to sustain sinking nature, those noble women, with uplifted hands, and by a thousand voices, implored their lovers, their husbands and brothers on the walls not to open their gates, and never to surrender; preferring death at the hands of the enemy, rather than the sacrifice of the sacred cause for which they

were nobly contending. By their self-sacrificing bravery De Rosen was again baffled and confounded ; for the Derrymen, having several prisoners, some of them of rank, erected a scaffold upon the walls in sight of the enemy, and said to De Rosen, " Let these innocent ones go home at once, or send in a priest to hear the confessions of the prisoners, for we will hang them all immediately." The plan succeeded : De Rosen was forced to yield, and Derry was saved. Well has the poet said :—

" Ah, sure a heart of stone would melt  
 The scenes once here to see,  
 And witness all our fathers felt  
 To make their country free ;  
 They saw the lovely matron's cheek  
 With want and terror pale ;  
 They heard the child's expiring shriek  
 Float on the passing gale :  
 Yet here they stood in field and blood,  
 While battle raged around ;  
 Resolved to die, till victory  
 Their crimson banner crowned."

But while these gallant men were contending against an inveterate and blood-thirsty enemy without the walls, that more dreadful enemy, famine, was raging within. Major-General Kirk, who was neither manly nor martial, brave nor British, loyal nor true, was, by some sad blundering, sent in charge of the relieving fleet. Derry was now encircled by the forts of the enemy ; and a boom, composed of logs and chains, was stretched across the river Foyle to prevent relief from sea. At length, on the 15th of June, thirty sail of the line entered the estuary of the Foyle, and a man dived beneath the boom with the message to Derry, " Relief is at hand." Weeks of painful anxiety followed that moment of joy. Famine wore and wasted their little garrison ; graves were hourly growing thicker and thicker, and homes more thin and lonely, while the tantalizing ships sent to save them lay under their sinking eyes. Who can tell the heroic endurance of that little garrison ; of the famine that, more than the shot and shell of the enemy, devastated their ranks ; of wife and chil-

dren of the citizen soldier, as they pined away and perished, his heart wrung at the hapless sight. Himself reduced to a spectre, almost unable to lift the sword in self-defence, yet his heart supplied the stimulus demanded by the occasion, and still he cried "No surrender!"

So it was until vile carrion and disgusting vermin, loathed in times of plenty, became luxuries to famishing men; until even cats, dogs, horseflesh, rats and mice were sold at high prices as choicest dainties; yet such was the indomitable spirit that reigned in the Maiden City, that the "No surrender" cry was raised even when the bodies of the dead appeared the only sustenance available. Such were the men raised up by God as a barrier to arbitrary power and Popish tyranny, to secure, at the price of blood, the richest blessings to Britain and the world. Gaunt famine stalked adown their streets; hideous pestilence followed in its wake; but still the gallant men, unconquerable by the arms of James, cried "No surrender!"

It seemed, for a time, that the city would be depopulated,—that famine and pestilence would deprive it of defenders. A few beasts, reduced to skeletons for want of food, were the only provisions that remained—poor obstructions to starvation and death; but the unconquerable resolve of Derry's brave defenders found expression in the terrible words, "The prisoners first, each other next, but 'No surrender!'"

For six weeks the garrison is tantalized with hopes of succour, and that succour sometimes in sight. Hope deferred had many a time sickened faithful hearts, but enfeebled not the valor determined not to yield. From the tower of the old Cathedral could sometimes be seen the ships, sent to save them, reposing quietly on the waters of the Foyle, while men were dying of hunger and starvation behind the walls of Derry.

At length, when the city was reduced to the last extremity, Kirke received orders from William that he must save the city. The Dartmouth frigate is commanded by a true type of the British seaman. Captain Lake runs up the ensign of

St. George, the sails are spread, the frigate gathers way, and, as if conscious of the interests at stake, goes proudly for the Boom. Under cover of her guns the Mountjoy and Phoenix follow. The garrison beholds the advancing ships. Every heart palpitates with apprehension, for life and liberty to their little garrison are trembling in the yet uncertain balance. The batteries of the enemy open fire upon the advancing ships. The frigate engages the batteries on shore. Then Captain Maciah Browning, in aid of birthplace and home, drove the Mountjoy against the Boom, which cracked and gave way, the shock sending the ship aground. The enemy raised an exultant cheer, and prepare to board her, but the Boom is broken, and the fragments are borne away by the rising tide. The Captain orders his men to give the boarders a broadside. Boom! go the guns. The gallant vessel quivers from stem to stern, springs from the sand-bank, and floats once more into the stream; but the dauntless Browning falls on the deck, pierced by a bullet, in the moment of victory. Meanwhile, Captain Andrew Douglas turned the Phoenix to the breach; and the gallant ships, under cover of the frigate, hold bravely on to Derry.

The crisis now is over; the peril is conquered; the ringing cheers of the citizens, responded to by the crews of the approaching ships, proclaim that Derry is relieved—that Divine Providence has stretched his sheltering wing over a holy cause, and crowned fidelity to a sacred trust with the garland of victory.

This soul-stirring scene has been beautifully and touchingly described by the poet in the following lines:—

#### THE BREAKING OF THE BOOM.

There bursts a sound of gladness from the "Maiden City's" walls,  
On hearts bowed down with sadness the joyous echo falls;  
It tells them that assistance, even now, is on the way,  
For "yonder, in the distance, the ships are in the bay."

What shouts of exultation rise from that multitude!  
Though dying from starvation, they long had nobly stood;  
Their homes, their faith defending, the soil on which they trod,  
They'd save, or die contending for their altars and their God.

They had heard their children crying, in piteous tones, for bread,  
 They had seen those lov'd ones lying with the cold and silent dead ;  
 Stones might have wept in pity, at those sights and sounds of woe,  
 Yet still the " Maiden City " flung defiance at the foe.

United to defend her were hearts that knew not fear—  
 Hearts scorning to surrender the rights they held so dear—  
 To heaven their cause commending, a noble stand they made,  
 And now kind heaven is sending the long-expected aid.

Now to the ramparts flying the excited people throng,  
 The feeble and the dying by friends are borne along ;  
 With shouts of wild emotion the echoing walls resound,  
 As o'er the swelling ocean three gallant vessels bound.

But hark ! what sound is stealing that seems a knell of doom,  
 In tones of anguished feeling are gasped the words " the boom ; "  
 'Midst the first gush of gladness forgotten it had been,  
 But now a veil of sadness falls o'er the joyous scene.

Still on the ships are speeding, across the dashing wave,  
 The gallant Browning leading, to victory or the grave ;  
 He cannot be a stranger to the snares the foe have laid,  
 Oh, no ! he braves the danger and trusts in heaven for aid.

FLY TO THE OLD CHURCH TOWER, UNFURL YOUR BANNER THERE,  
 And, in this thrilling hour, pour forth your hearts in prayer ;  
 Soon is the beacon blazing ; its light spreads far and wide,  
 AND FEEBLE HANDS ARE RAISING THE BANNER OF THEIR PRIDE.

What tides of mingled feeling in every breast contend,  
 As on the ramparts kneeling, to heaven their prayers ascend ;  
 Yes, still on God relying, they trust to Him their fate,  
 As when, their foes defying, they closed their fortress gate.

Though wildest desolation had swept their hearts since then,  
 Unmoved determination still fills those dauntless men ;  
 Nor let the memory perish, that women, too, were there,  
 Who, in the cause they cherish, would countless evils dare.

Yes ! 'midst the cannon's rattle, women had nobly stood,  
 Undaunted in the battle they freely shed their blood ;  
 And what was far more trying than the hour of conflict dread—  
 They had seen their children dying through want of daily bread.

They had watched those loved ones languish, those whom they'd die to save,  
 With all of mother's anguish, they had wept o'er many a grave ;  
 Yet patient, and unshrinking, they struggled on with woe,  
 Not for one moment thinking of yielding to the foe.

The evening light is waning, the western radiance dies,  
While eagerly are straining weary and tear-dimmed eyes ;  
Hark ! to the cannon pealing from yonder hostile shore,  
Each vivid flash revealing the vessels near Culmore.

Praise be to God for ever, onward unharmed they come ;  
But now ! oh now, or never ! they're close upon the boom :  
Half-hoping, half-despairing, the watchers gasp for breath—  
Now for one deed of daring, for victory or death.

One gaze—no word is spoken—then one heart-rending groan—  
The boom—the boom is broken, but helpless as a stone  
From that fierce shock rebounding the Mountjoy stranded lies,  
While from the shores surrounding, wild shouts of triumph rise.

On deck the Captain's standing—he lifts his heart in prayer,  
Then, in a voice commanding, he bids his men prepare :  
Soon are the cannon pealing, the curling smoke mounts high,  
The vessels quite concealing from many an eager eye.

One moment—oh, how thrilling—then loud tremendous cheers,  
The wind her canvas filling, the Mountjoy re-appears ;  
“ That broadside,” Walker shouted, “ decides our fate to-day,  
“ Hurrah, our foes are routed, Derry and victory.”

Strange sounds are wildly swelling upon the evening air,  
Of heart-felt rapture telling, mingle with praise and prayer ;  
Their gates now open flinging, no more of foes afraid,  
With joyous peals are ringing to hail the coming aid.

*Undaunted Derry! never shall thy remembrance die,  
Thy name shall live for ever, enshrined in memory ;  
Through all succeeding ages thy heroes' names shall stand,  
Enrolled in history's pages, the honours of our land.*

Derry's tale of woe was ended. The hollow cheeks of her brave defenders wet with tears of gladness and of joy ; the old cathedral bells rang out their merry peals ; and, with joy such as is seldom experienced on this side heaven, the gallant defenders of the Maiden City embraced the men who saved them on the quay at ten o'clock.

On the following morning was seen the rear-guard of the enemy vanishing in the distance, raising a siege that had lasted 237 days, and leaving to Derry the heritage of an immortal renown.

Time and language would fail me to speak as I would like of the many worthies conspicuous in council and in conflict ;

of Walker and Gordon ; of Baker, Mitchellburne and Murray ; of Browning, Douglas and Lake, and many others of that noble band who, around the walls of Derry, set an example of undaunted heroism seldom paralleled in the history of any nation.

When I stood upon these venerable walls some years ago, contemplating the scene, and when I looked at Walker's monument, Roaring Mag at its base, and surveyed the old Cathedral and its quiet little graveyard, where repose the remains of the mighty dead, I could not help asking myself : " Is the present generation equal to the past ? Are we as true to principle as were our forefathers 200 years ago ? "

Had the men of Derry been less resolute ; had they acted on the advice of Lundy or Hopkins and admitted the enemy, matters might have been vastly different with us to-day. James might have easily crossed over into Scotland, and, joining his forces with those of Claverhouse, might have marched upon England and recovered the throne. But no ; thirteen Apprentice Boys had closed the Maiden City's gates, defied their cowardly King, and sealed the fate of the nation. Well has the poet said—

" Old Derry's walls were firm and strong,  
Well fenced on every quarter,  
Each frowning bastion grim along  
With culverin and mortar ;  
But Derry had a surer guard  
Than all that art could lend her :  
Her 'Prentice Boys the gates had barred,  
And sung out '*No Surrender!*' "

On the very day that Derry was relieved the veteran Duke of Schomberg sailed from England with 10,000 men to support the Protestants in Ireland. This gallant old general had suffered everything short of martyrdom for the Truth. He had resigned a splendid income ; had laid down the truncheon of a Marshal of France. He had seen the suns of fourscore summers, and the storms of as many battle-fields ; and now, at 82 years of age, he is sent to command the troops in Ireland. He landed his forces at Bangor, in the County of

Down, 10 miles from Belfast, marched round to Carrickfergus, battered its walls, and obliged the Irish to capitulate. From Carrickfergus he proceeded to Loughbrickland, where he was joined by the Enniskillen men, who had just gained the victory of Newtownbutler. Leaving the town of Newry in flames, Carlingford in ruins, and the whole country one wild scene of devastation, the Irish fled before the Duke till, meeting James from the south, they took up position at Drogheda, on the banks of the river Boyne.

The Protestant army being mostly inexperienced recruits, and the enemy securely posted, the Duke thought it best not to *force* a fight, and cowardice kept James quiet.

The wet and cold of the winter camp caused much sickness and suffering among the Protestant army, but the monotony of the time was relieved by a bright incident of chivalry, when 1,000 Enniskillen men, under Lloyd, gained a victory over 5,000 foemen, killing 700 of the enemy and capturing O'Kelly, their commander.

As the following summer advanced, the fate of Ireland was daily expected to be decided by a pitched battle, but it remained for our good and great King William to strike the fatal blow.

On the 14th June, 1690, William landed at Carrickfergus.—When I stood on that rock, still called the “King,” where he first touched the shores of Ireland, I felt an inspiration like Moses at Horeb, as if a voice had said to me, “Cast off the shoe from thy foot, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.”—That he “did not come to let the grass grow under his feet” he proved by the rapidity of his movements, for no sooner had he landed than he mounted his horse and rode off to Belfast. A royal salute from the old castle of that ever-loyal town bade him welcome. The Magistrates and Aldermen, dressed in their robes of office, met him at the north gate: while eager multitudes pressed around him, earnestly shouting “God bless the Prince of Orange!” “God save the Protestant King!”

That night all the Protestant counties were up and awake.

The signal salute that bade William welcome was echoed from post to post, announcing His Majesty's arrival. Bonfires blazed on the mountains of Antrim and Down; the blaze was seen across Carlingford Bay, and gave notice to the outposts of the enemy that the decisive hour was at hand.

William and James now set to work, in hard earnest, to muster their forces for the fatal onset at the Boyne. William chose Loughbrickland, a little village three miles from Banbridge on the leading road between Belfast and Dublin, as the place of rendezvous for the scattered divisions of his army.

At the head of 36,000 men, William advanced southwards from Loughbrickland, the enemy everywhere giving way before him, till on Monday, the 30th of June, 1690, his army, marching in three columns, reached the summit of a rising ground overlooking the beautiful valley of the Boyne. Here his keen eye first caught sight of the enemy encamped on the south side of the Boyne, the flags of Stuart and Bourbon waving defiantly on the towers of Drogheda. The first expression that broke from his lips on seeing the enemy was: "I'm glad to see you, gentlemen; if you escape me now the fault will be mine." There was a force and a meaning with that expression that meant business.

With some of his best officers he reconnoitred the position of the enemy, and then sat down for breakfast. "They may be stronger than they look," said William, "but, weak or strong, I'll soon know all about them." Having finished breakfast, as he was remounting his horse, a field-piece was discharged at him from the opposite bank of the river, slightly wounding him in the right shoulder. The joyous cry, "The Orange King is slain," rang through the Irish camp and into Dublin. At dead of night the news reached Paris. The police knocked up the people; in a short time the whole city was one wide scene of illumination. Drums were rolling, bells ringing, trumpets blowing, cannon thundering and wine flowing. The rejoicing was unbounded. An Orange King was made of straw and dragged through the streets of Paris, followed by an ugly figure of the Devil, who was made to say:

"I have been two years waiting for you, and I have you now." But William cheated both James and the Devil on that memorable occasion, for he was 19 hours in the saddle while they were rejoicing over his death in Paris. A cannonade was kept up during most of the day, and in the evening William expressed himself well pleased with the result. "All right," said he, "our men stand fire well."

That night he inspected his forces by torchlight, and, contrary to the wishes of Schomberg, gave orders for his men to be ready to cross the Boyne next morning. A green bough in their hats was the sign, and "Westminster" was the password of the day, which when joined together aptly signified "Victory or death!"

On that ever memorable July morning two powerful armies, nearly equal in numbers, and embittered by all the animosity and rancour of religious antagonism, stood face to face, dogged and determined foes, on opposite sides of the historic Boyne, awaiting the signal to engage in deadly conflict. On the south side of the river the Irish army, in two strong lines, occupied an important and almost impregnable position.

On their right was the ancient town of Drogheda, still loyal to James. On their left was a broad and deep morass, presenting almost insuperable difficulties to troops advancing to the attack. In front flowed the stately Boyne, fordable in only a few places. Behind it ran breastworks and hedges, strongly lined with infantry; while a few miles to the rear lay the Pass of Duleek, affording excellent means of retreat, in case of defeat. On the hill of Donore, at a safe distance from the scene of action, or the post of danger, leaving his army to the command of generals, braver and better than himself, stood James II., having, in the meantime, despatched Sir Patrick Trant to Waterford, to secure a ship for the safe and speedy escape of His Majesty, in case of defeat. Indeed, he seems to have calculated accurately on the result of the battle before it began, and had wisely provided for the occasion, by sending his baggage off to Dublin, whither he himself had soon to follow it.

On the northern bank of the Boyne, at the head of his Protestant army, 36,000 strong, rode William, Prince of Orange, encouraging by his presence, his counsel, and example, the brave men over whom waved the banner of civil and religious liberty.

The right wing was commanded by Meinhardt Schomberg and General Douglas. The centre, composed mostly of foot, was drawn up opposite the fords near Oldbridge, commanded by the veteran Duke of Schomberg, then in the 82nd year of his age. The left wing, consisting of the Danish, Dutch, and Enniskillen horse, led on by King William himself, prepared to cross the Boyne near Drogheda.

At break of day the drums beat to arms, the word was passed, and Meinhardt Schomberg and General Douglas led the right wing across Slane Bridge, and, after a brisk fight with O'Neill's Dragoons, and the Infantry lining the hedges, turned the left wing of the Irish army.

When the moment came for the centre to move, the old Duke gave the word "ADVANCE!" and Solmes' Blues, ten abreast, marched into the water, with drums beating the "Protestant Boys." Next plunged in the men of Derry, and then the heroes of Enniskillen, to their left the Huguenots, and then the English, while further down the stream the Danes passed over, and in a few minutes the Boyne, for a quarter of a mile, was a moving mass of men, muskets, and green boughs.

As they were thus dashing through the water, up to the armpits, carrying their muskets above their heads to keep their powder dry, they were exposed to a close and heavy fire of musketry from the Irish battalions, which Hamilton had placed behind their defences. Then, at a word, whole regiments of the hidden enemy sprang into sight, and a loud defiant cheer arose and rang along the southern shore, but our forefathers, made of stuff that never quailed at the cry of an enemy, rushed on with desperate determination, gained the bank, rapidly formed, and drove the enemy's infantry from their defences on the south side of the Boyne. The Dutch

Guards Blue then advanced into the open field, and were furiously set upon by the Irish horse, but the brave old Dutchmen stood close and firm, and, as other regiments came up to their assistance, compelled the Irish to retire.

At another point the Irish Cavalry, under Hamilton, rushed upon the Danes and drove them back into the river; then, charging the ranks of the Huguenots, they cut down the gallant Caillemont, their commander, who, as he was being carried back to die, continued cheering on his men with "On! my lads, to glory; my lads to glory!" Schomberg, seeing the Huguenots without a commander, dashed into the river, rallied them once more for the onset, and, pointing to the French in the Irish army, exclaimed: "On! gentlemen; there are your persecutors." These were the last words of the veteran hero of the Rhine; he had scarcely uttered them when he fell to rise no more, and at the same terrible time fell the Rev. George Walker, the gallant governor of Derry, heading on his brave 'Prentice Boys.

While all in the centre was one scene of dust, din, and smoke, the clash of arms and the roar of guns, William, who, at the head of the left wing of cavalry, had with difficulty crossed the Boyne near Drogheda, placed himself at the head of the Dutch Guards and Enniskillen Dragoons, thundered into the thick of the battle, and, like dust before the whirlwind, drove the enemy from the field: the battle of the Boyne was fought and won.

Truly has the poet said:

" When freemen fought by Boyne's red wave,  
Where William's lightnings flew.  
Then Freedom smiled upon the brave,  
And blessed the swords they drew."

James, more remarkable for good running than good fighting, had already started, double quick, for Dublin, whence he crossed the mountains into Waterford, and scarcely halted till he was safely landed in the French town of Brest. His conduct at the Boyne reminds me of the story of a Yankee Captain during the late civil war. Before leading his com-

pany into action he thus addressed them : " Now, gentlemen, you are going to have a tough time of it in this engagement ; be brave, fight like heroes while your ammunition lasts, and then *run* ; but as I'm a little lame I'll start *now*." James was the first to start from the Boyne, but he showed no lameness in the race. When he reached Dublin, Lady Tyrconnel asked him how the battle went. " Oh," said James, " all my Irish soldiers ran away." " Well," replied Lady Tyrconnel, " I must compliment your Majesty on your swiftness of foot, for you're the first into Dublin."

It is said that on reaching the metropolis he called into a hotel to get something to eat, and the host, not knowing the rank or quality of his guest, expressed his regret that there was nothing just ready except some cold meat. " Oh," said James, " it will be excellent ; I am in somewhat of a hurry, besides, I had a very hot breakfast."

To this day the Roman Catholics of Ireland refer to him in Irish with the greatest contempt, and honor him with an epithet more expressive than polite. He was the first, when he got to Dublin, to brand his Irish army with the cowardice of which he himself had set the example. He could look on torture, and revel at the sight of agony in his victims, but he could not look on war. He thoroughly proved his cowardice at the Boyne, and never after redeemed his character. On many an after battlefield the poor fellows who fled from the Boyne displayed the courage and prowess of their race, and proved to the world that they were worthy of a better cause and a braver king.

The battle of the Boyne was a most momentous struggle. On its issue depended, in a great measure, the security of our civil rights, and the free exercise of the Protestant religion in Britain. The Boyne was to decide whether James, Jesuits, and Popery should continue to rule the country, or whether William of Orange, British liberty, and the Protestant religion should become the ruling power. The struggle was long, and fierce, and bloody, but our fathers were equal to the occasion and William of Orange and Protestantism carried the day.

The next point to which I would refer is scarcely of less importance than the Boyne. I mean the battle of Aughrim.

Before the close of May, 1691, the Protestant army, under Ginckle, encamped near Mullingar. On the 6th of June the Papists ran, like rabbits, before them from the forts of Ballymore. On the 20th the English quarter of Athlone was in their hands, but the Irish, in their retreat to the Connaught side, pulled down the bridge that spanned the Shannon, thus for a time preventing the possibility of pursuit.

But Ginckle would not be frustrated in his plans, for he immediately erected several batteries on the eastern side from which he poured an incessant shower of shot and shell upon the Irish quarter. In quick succession, tower and battlement and rampart fell. Athlone was soon a heap of ruins. And now Ginckle resolved to force the passage of the river, close by the site of the old bridge, which had previously been pulled down. Accordingly, on the 30th of June, as the bells tolled 6 o'clock, 15,000 men, with green boughs in their hats, as at the Boyne, plunged into the Shannon to the neck, gained the bank and drove the Irish from the Connaught side of the town.

Marshal St. Ruth, then in command of the Popish army, retired to Kilcommeden Hill, determined to risk the fate of the kingdom on a pitched battle on the plains of Aughrim, his position being, as he calculated, almost impregnable; and truly it was nearly so, *but not quite*.

On his left was a stream beyond which lay an extensive morass, with only one narrow road and that commanded by Aughrim Castle; in front lay a bog extending away to the right, while the house and grounds of Urachree, a little in advance of their position, were occupied by a strong party of the Irish horse.

On the 11th of July Ginckle surveyed the ground and gave orders for the attack next morning. At noon, on that ever memorable 12th July, the Protestant army, 20,000 strong, came in front of the breastworks that defended the 25,000 of the enemy. The battle began with the great fury. Again and again Ginckle tried to force the pass of Urachree, but

again and again he was driven back by the Irish, whose fighting on that occasion was worthy of all praise. After the battle had raged for hours St. Ruth exclaimed "the day is ours, and we'll drive them to the gates of Dublin." But it was only a Frenchman's boast. He could not measure the pluck and perseverance of the men with whom he was contending. Just then, the Irish being sorely pressed on the right, St. Ruth sent some troops to their support. Ginckle, seizing the opportunity, ordered four regiments to cross the bog and attack the front of the Irish position. This was a desperate task and with desperation was it performed. With sun and wind against them, and having to wade and struggle through the sinking bog, gave the enemy much advantage: but *on* the brave fellows went, amid a deadly and destructive fire from the Irish; but, as soon as the Huguenots and Blues gained a firm footing they turned the flank of the enemy with awful slaughter.

And now Talmash, at the head of his cavalry, advanced along the narrow road by Aughrim Castle, made a desperate dash upon the enemy's left, and then charged upon the centre. Meanwhile St. Ruth had fallen, pierced by a bullet from the English cannon, as he was riding up to direct his artillery on Talmash's advancing cavalry. With his fall the tide of battle turned. Inch by inch the Irish fought, and inch by inch they were beaten, broken and driven back with awful slaughter.

Leaving 4,000 dead bodies on the field and 3,000 more along the line of retreat, the enemy fled to Galway. The Protestants buried their 600 slain, pursued the enemy to Galway, compelled the 7,000 in it to surrender; Limerick shortly after capitulated and Ireland was free. The Revolution was an accomplished fact. The Hero of the Boyne had won the day and secured the liberties of Britain.

Before proceeding further let me briefly notice the plots that were laid for the assassination of William. It was not the dangers to which he was exposed in the open field, from his bitterest and openly avowed enemies, he had most to dread, for these he never feared; but it was danger from the wicked designs of secret enemies and false friends.

In August, 1692, through the vigilance of one Liefdale, a Dutchman, a most detestable plot for his assassination was brought to light. One De Granval, a Captain of French cavalry, with an accomplice named Dumont, were arrested for their share in the plot. De Granval confessed that he was engaged by James to shoot King William, the Hero of the Boyne. He was tried, found guilty and shot for his share in the plot.

Again, in 1696, another conspiracy was discovered for his assassination during one of his hunting excursions. Thirty-five men were engaged in this diabolical plot, under the direction of the Duke of Berwick and a Scotch gentleman named Sir George Barclay. The King was to be met in a narrow lane, through which he was in the habit of passing on his hunting excursions. Twenty-seven of the conspirators were to attack and overpower his guards, while Barclay, with the remaining eight, were to stop his coach and murder the Hero of the Boyne.

But God graciously interposed. The heart of Fisher, one of the conspirators, began to fail him; he turned traitor and disclosed the plot. Another, named Pendergrass, actually wrote down the names of those engaged in the conspiracy. It was Saturday night, of the 22nd February. Before dawn on Sunday morning, Charnock, Rockwood and Bernardi, three of the conspirators, were arrested, and before noon seventeen others were made prisoners. On the 18th of March, following, four of the number were executed, and, a few days later, five others paid the penalty of their crime on the scaffold.

With the other conspiracies for the assassination of William III. time forbids me to deal. It seems, however, surprising that, after securing the liberties for which both Whig and Tory, Episcopalian, Papist and Presbyterian had good reason to be thankful, such men as the Lords Godolphin and Bath, the Duke of Marlborough, Admiral Russell, and the Duke of Shrewsbury, all in William's service, should be found engaging in plots for his overthrow, in order to replace on the throne of England the cowardly tyrant who had trampled under foot the liberties of the people and the principles of the Constitution.

The next noteworthy event in William's time is the battle of La Hogue, 1692.

A French army was ready to invade England and a large fleet was prepared to bring them over. The English fleet was on the watch ; but, to prevent the English coming within reach, the French had drawn up their ships upon the shallows, near La Hogue, as far as high tides and cables could bring them, under cover of the batteries on shore, which were planted with all the artillery intended for the grand invasion of England. On the heights behind was drawn up the whole invading army, with King James, his fancy son, the Duke of Berwick, Marshal de Bellefond, and other great officers looking on.

It was the 22nd of May. Vice-Admiral Rooke led the attack. With a few light frigates and nearly all the open boats of the fleet, he advanced as far as the depth of the water would permit. Then, trusting to the men in the boats, he gave them orders to "Board, burn and do their best." That was all the brave fellows wanted. On they pulled, amid a terrific fire of shot, shell and musketry from the ships, chaloupes and batteries on shore. Not a trigger was drawn by the British till, getting alongside the enemy's ships, they threw aside their oars and muskets, and with a tremendous huzza, cutlasses in hand, boarded and carried the ships ; then, pointing the guns they had captured against the chaloupes and batteries on shore, completely destroyed the invading fleet, under the very eyes of the enemy, and under the fire of their guns.

In the following year 80,000 French, under Luxemburg, gained a victory over William, who had only 50,000 ; but, defeated as he was, he earned enough honor there to cover the whole life of a soldier. Not in all our bright annals of deathless deeds is there any record of bold and undaunted heroism to excel our good King William on that day. Many fell on his right and on his left while he covered the retreat. A bullet passed through the curls of his wig, another through his coat, and another tore through his blue ribbon. At the head of two regiments of English he fought seven regiments of French, driving them back, inch by inch, in the presence

of both armies. The loss was heavy on both sides. Ten thousand of the chosen troops of France fell at Landen. Among the slain, on William's side was Count Solmes, and on the side of the enemy the gallant Sarsfield, both of whom fought so bravely at Aughrim and the Boyne. "The streets," says the historian, "were piled breast high with corpses. During many months the ground was strewn with skulls and bones of men and horses, and with fragments of hats, shoes, saddles and holsters. The next summer the soil, fertilized by 20,000 corpses, broke forth into millions of poppies. The traveller who saw that vast sheet of rich scarlet, spreading from Landen to Neerwinden, could hardly help fancying that the figurative prediction of the Hebrew prophet was literally accomplished—that the earth was disclosing her blood and refusing to cover her slain."

But with such scenes I must have done. After the campaign of '93, Louis, well aware that his impoverished country could not send out such an army the next year, sued for peace. But William, knowing that this desire for peace was one of *weakness* and not of *will*, took the field in the spring of '94 at the head of a fine army, and honorably turned the long boasted success of the French arms.

Soon after his return from this campaign his beloved Queen Mary died. The national sorrow was both deep and sincere. It seemed as if some loved one had been torn from every family circle. Prior said: "The very marble wept." Worthy of the mourner and the mourned Greenwich Hospital for disabled sailors was raised by our good King William, as a monument to his beloved Mary; while with not less consideration did he found Chelsea Hospital for old and disabled soldiers who followed his fortunes in the wars.

At length the cry for peace became long and loud. A treaty was made, and soon broken by the French king, who, on the death of James in 1701, proclaimed the PRETENDER King of England. Britain was roused at the report, and a more English House of Commons was the grand result.

And now the toils of 50 busy years began to tell upon

William's weak and delicate frame ; but to his latest day the flashing of his eagle eye and the compression of his firmly-cut lips told at once that bodily anguish had never tamed the iron soul within.

Feeling that his days were numbered, he dictated, with the greatest care, plans both political and military which made his rival feel his power when he lay silent in the tomb.

On the 21st February, 1702, his horse fell under him, breaking his collar-bone. Medical skill soon told the world that the greatest man of his age had but a few days to live. Through these days every sound of hope and fear was listened to with unparalleled eagerness. The nation, like one great family, moved in solemn silence, as round the couch of a dying parent. Calm, clear and firm in the faith to the end, William III., the Hero of the Boyne, breathed his last on Sunday, the 8th of March, 1702.

When his remains were laid out, it was found that he wore round his neck a piece of black silk ribbon containing a gold ring and a lock of hair of his beloved Mary.

Bishop Burnet, who for 13 years was admitted to the closest intimacy with him, says : " He had a thin and weak body, was brown haired, and of a clear and delicate constitution. He had a Roman eagle nose, bright and sparkling eyes, a large front, and a countenance composed to gravity and authority. His designs were always great and good. He believed the truths of the Christian religion very firmly, and expressed a horror at Atheism and blasphemy. He was most exemplary, decent and devout in the public exercise of the worship of God, and was constant in his private prayers and in reading the Scriptures." What a noble example he has left for those to imitate who love and honor his immortal memory !

Whether we view King William as the saviour of Holland, the Champion of Truth, the powerful and persevering enemy of French ambition, the patron and centre of the celebrated men of his time, or the glorious deliverer of Britain from the most despicable and intolerant tyrant that ever mocked at human liberty, we are compelled to place him, with one

consent, amid the brave and great. To him we owe the basis, beauty and bulwark of that Constitution which has made Britain the envy and admiration of the world. To him we are indebted for the Act of Settlement providing *for ever* a Protestant monarch to sit on the throne of England.

It was the thunder of his cannon that scattered the proud powers of Popery, which, at that stirring and stormy time, threatened to eclipse the civilized world. He it was that raised the standard of Protestant defence and defiance against the greatest generals and strongest armies of the age, and with hearts as brave as ever bled or battled in Freedom's cause, wrung from the pride and chivalry of France laurels that shall wave in eternal green above his honored grave.

He had a giant grasp and dignity of soul which was the dread of foes and the boast of friends; and notwithstanding all that has been blindly and bitterly said of his stiffness, coldness, want of manner, and low Dutchism, he was, both as man and monarch, a model to all the crowns and cabinets of Europe. He was the determined enemy of all persecution, saved the countries he governed from inside and outside foes, and, by God's help, broke down Romish ascendancy in Britain for ever.

Hearty thanks were offered for him in all the Reformed Churches of Europe. We by our union, as Orangemen, re-echo their thanks—not that we can enhance his reputation, or make more golden the lines in which his character and conquests are recorded, but we can give a little of that gratitude we can never fully pay and time can never cancel.

Let us, then, stablish his fame and keep green his memory, by holding our birthright of freedom unstained and enshrining the liberties and religion it was his joy and glory to guard, in our individual and national conduct for ever.

I feel no fear that the loyal men of Great Britain and Ireland, or their worthy descendants in Canada, the United States and the distant colonies of Australia and New Zealand will ever forget him. The birds may forget their songs; the ocean may forget the tides that keep it pure; the flowers of

summer may forget the dews that make them fresh and fair ;  
the sun may forget the day, and the patriot his fatherland ;  
but while the Boyne has a stream, Britain a history, and  
memory a place, *we* shall never forget the "glorious, pious  
and immortal memory of King William III., the Hero of the  
Boyne, and Derry's deathless 'No Surrender!!'"

